THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847 WHOLE NO. 1333.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

On the Death of a Near and Dear Friend.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NEMO.

Death! then art all too greedy of thy prey,
Culling the fairest ere their noon is spied,
And from the many where it will be spilt,
Thou call'st the dearest to thy chilly bed.

I would I had been there—ere yet thy work
Had stilled the being of that blessed one—
The grief were less than, when I sadred at her,
To hear the solemn whisper'd "she is gone!"

Aye, for one look I would have breath'd a sigh,
The lenitif anguish of a death bed scene,
One look—a call her, life blood, to life,
When tears and change and cares shall intervene.

It would have been a thing to know grief!
Once more to clasp that hand, alike in death—
To feel the pressure that an oft I felt,
Ere she was laid the ground of mould beneath.

To move the glance of those familiar eyes,
And hear her voice, if but to say, "good by,"
For yes, no sense was breathless there!
And dimmed the lustrous beaming of her eye—

But, from the many, dear loved things of earth—
The scenes, the friends, the home, I'm parted,
Her spirit surely passed without regret,
And rested its harp in Heaven's high mansion!

And none may write the heavy loss restore:
At hand, the nine, and the heart-cull'd lore—
At every turn we'll see her there and more,

But when the sculptured stone tells her repose,
Fond, loving hearts will come in pensive here,
To pass the night and to shed a tear,
While tearful eyes their mournful tribute pour

Original Tales.

THE WHITE PLUME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY N. M'DONALD.

"And this is your latest style, Mrs. Jerold?" said the very latest importation of fashion received by the Acadia on Wednesday. A most beautiful thing, I assure you, and so becoming. Nothing pretties than it can be. It will be quite the fancy. Will you try it, Mrs. Douglass? or stay; I have another that may suit you better," and the conspicuous article moved about among the wands and ribbon bones. "The pink bat, Miss Gale, did you take it from this quarter?"

It was carried down stairs, Mrs. Jerold. Miss Willet felt too unwell to come up to the show room."

Ah! Miss Willet, she will be sure to fancy that bonnet. Pray, send Annette to fetch it, Miss Beale." But Mrs. Jerold's lady-like voice was returned to her favorite customer, the very pretty, and very much admired Mrs. Douglass. "I am sure," she said, with the most flattering accent, and uttered upon each occasion, "you will consider this the most exquisite fashion ever introduced. I thought of you the moment that box was opened, and ordered I said to Miss Gale, 'this will be just the thing for Mrs. Douglass' and Miss Gale agreed with me perfectly. It is quite unique, and you should be among the first to see it, because I have you linked in lead off in anything of the kind."

Of course I do," replied Mrs. Douglass, laughing, but for mercy's sake, Mrs. Jerold, don't make me a bonnet the fac simile of Miss Willet's. Anything but that. If Miss Willet has ordered one of this pattern, I will not have one, depend upon it."

"Oh! certainly not," said Mrs. Jerold, bowing to each fair visitor.

"And yet I must have the handsomest in your establishment, remember."

The very handsomest that can be made, I assure you, ma'am. None shall surpass it. We have some splendid fawns velvets just now—the darkest mauves I ever saw. I will show them to you, ma'am, and if I am not mistaken, you'll declare they equal anything in the market. Ah! here is Miss Douglass. Miss Douglass, try this, if you please."

Mrs. Douglass had removed her hat, and as she turned toward the little bonnet bearer, the pale, and tearful face of Annette drew her attention, even from the all-engrossing subject of fashion and head gear. "Bless me! Mrs. Jerold," she exclaimed, as the young girl moved away, "where did you get such a pale, tearful creature? What is the matter with her, pray? I never saw such a pitiful sight in my life."

"Oh! it is the old story of poverty," replied Mrs. Jerold, carelessly, pulling out the ribbons and adjusting the flowers of the pink hat on the sprite. "I really don't like to say the girl does not do her she is always moping and fretting. But Mrs. Langly so recommended her, and urged my buying to find her employment; and you know, Mrs. Douglass, that Mrs. Langly, though she is poor, is fastidious genteel, and besides, she has such a way with her that one can't refuse anything she asks. I took her because of Mrs. Langly, though she is poor, is fastidious genteel, and as I said before, I don't like having her about me."

But ol Mrs. Langly's protege, I suppose," said Mrs. Douglass, who had a kind word for every one's head. But this poor thing actually makes my heart ache. Has she parents?"

A mother, and I believe some younger brothers and sisters, but really I never enquired very particularly. I have so little time, you know, Mrs. Douglass it is quite impossible for me to attend to the private histories of all my apprentices. One must regard one's business, and I am occupied, as Miss Gale can tell you ma'am, from sunrise till sunset, and indeed a great deal longer. The girl has her meals here, and something to carry home sometimes, which in the hard times, I suppose, she ought to think herself very fortunate to get into such an establishment."

"Very fortunately, indeed," said Mrs. Douglass, turning to the mirror at which she stood, and placing the beautiful Paris hat over her glossy curls. "Rather too large, don't you think Mrs. Jerold?"

"Just the least bit in the world," replied the milliner, stepping nearly a foot back in order to get a view of thought. "A little too deep at the ears, perhaps but that is easily altered. Let it droop a little in front, if you please, ma'am. It is a caution how I unquietly becoming—never saw you look so well in any style of bonnet."

Mrs. Douglass looked at her head this way and that way, and pulled out her watch during a moment of pale golden hair, and "couldn't make up her mind," whether she liked it or not. She was undecided in the matter when it would be easy to persuade her to anything, and Mrs. Jerold hastened to take advantage of it. "We really have nothing handsomer than this," she said, "and I think you had better secure it, Mrs. Douglass. Miss Willet and Mrs. Newton and all of us must laugh at the ladies if we do not have to-morrow, and I should be glad to say you would be among the first. I'm a sweet shape, upon my word—I love of a bonnet—a perfect love!"

"Well, then," said Mrs. Douglass, with an air of indifference, "I suppose I must have one. And what shall it be?"

Velvet, by all means," said the milliner, eagerly opening a drawer at her left hand, and unfolding some silver gauze of the easily material. "I will just run anything up splendid, ma'am! Look at that gauze, it is fairly dazzling, but this maroon is my taste. Again gauze, isn't it?"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglass, entirely decided upon velvet. "Now, what will you charge me for a handsome bonnet of the maroon colored?"

Mrs. Jerold put her finger upon her forehead, and seemed lost in thought for a few moments. "The price, of course, will depend upon the style of trimming," she said. "Flowers are expensive this season and then, Mrs. Douglass, they are somewhat out of vogue. Feathers are coming in among the first circles, and I have one feather, barely one that I would like to put into your bonnet, and that I must choose you, for to own the truth, I thought of you the moment it arrived. It is the most delicate, and beauty"—and Mrs. Jerold shook the white plume, and held it above the pink bonnet, to see the eyes of pretty Mrs. Douglass sparkle with delight—"Elegant!" she exclaimed, "but I'm afraid too expensive for me. Mr. Douglass gives me a lecture upon economy every few days, and says I am getting dreadfully extravagant."

Well, now, I will let you have this a great bargain," said Mrs. Jerold, looking upon the beauty of the maroon velvet, and white plume, with French flowers inside, for—let me see—as you are an old customer, Mrs. Douglass, and I feel honored by your patronage, I'll say thirty-five dollars, and that will be the cheapest bonnet ever purchased.

"Oh! my dear, extravagant woman," cried the pretty lady, lifting her hands in amazement, "thirty-five dollars! Why, it is perfectly horrid to suppose I could pay such a sum. My husband will think me crazy."

It is very cheap, ma'am, exceedingly cheap, I assure you," said the wily milliner. "I thought I would make you the first offer, because I knew Miss Willet would take it on the instant. Such a bonnet, and especially such a feather, won't go begging, and I shall charge any one but yourself, Mrs. Douglass, at least forty dollars."

Mrs. Douglass paused, and took the now coveted plume in her own hand. Mrs. Jerold's arguments were exclusively very convincing, and one more to add than that Miss Willet, between whom and herself there existed a constant spirit of rivalry, should become the possessor of it. Still Mrs. Douglass, who unfortunately had been a portionless beauty when she married, had no private income, by which she might please her fancy in such matters, and both her love for her husband and the fear of his displeasure, deterred her from overlooking the bargain without consulting him.

"If you choose, ma'am," said the milliner, "I can lay the feather aside for a couple of days, quite out of sight, and then I think you'll have decided to let me make the bonnet, which shall be the sweetest thing of the kind seen this season. Quite unique, I assure you, and Mr. Douglass would object, I am certain, when he sees how well you look in it."

Then persuaded Mrs. Douglass yielded, and agreed to let the maroon velvet and white plume be made up great husband. The white plume was replaced in the box, and Mrs. Jerold assured her customer it should be sent home to-day, or at the latest by the day decided, and with a weak and unworthy desire to outshine an associate, Mrs. Douglass swept out of the show room, with a last glance at the pale face of the stair case, she encountered Mrs. Langly, who, having left the place and gotten above, was speaking words of comfort to the weeping Annette.

"Let most not despair, Annette," she said kindly while her own handkerchief wiped the tears from the cheek of her protege, "keep a good heart my child, and with those little hands to help, God will well on light presently if we trust in Him."

Mrs. Douglass, kind-hearted though vain and thoughtless, involuntarily paused at hearing a light quarter from her glittering purse, slipped it into Annette's hand. Mrs. Langly spoke the thanks which the poor girl could not utter, and passed Mrs. Douglass as she descended the steps. "I was going to see you this morning," she said, "to ask your assistance for a very helpless but very deserving family."

Ah! yes," said Mrs. Douglass, drawing her veil on, and adjusting her cloak, "I believe I do that reason there are so many demands upon me this spring."

"But this is really an extreme case," said Mrs. Langly, laying her hand upon the arm of her fashionable friend. "The mother of that poor girl is ill, and with those little children to look after, nothing to depend on save the labor of a boy of twelve years and the charity of strangers. Mrs. Douglass, I know you will not refuse me, I know you will not refuse me, with no means of paying it, the poor child is really crying herself sick, lest they should become a burden to me."

Ah! poor thing," said Mrs. Douglass, bowing to an acquaintance as she spoke, "she is a pitiful object indeed. She quite distressed me, and I was something for them. I shall consider it a personal obligation."

You will take my word as to their necessities, I hope," said Mrs. Langly—"and if you can give some trifle for a family who are in want—every body is, I believe, at this season—and I pro mise to do so."

Mr. Douglass, in the interim between his weak acquiescence in the wishes of his wife and the present moment, had been deeply occupied upon the folly and extravagance of women in general, and his own lovely little spouse in particular, and though he would not now refuse, if still left to consent given, he still left confident that Emma could not overcome him so easily again, and therefore replied:

I cannot afford to be very charitable and very lavish, in our day. If I yield to the last, I must to the first."

Now don't say so, because you make me feel uncomfortable," said Mrs. Douglass, pressing her husband's arm affectionately, "and I promised you with Mrs. Langly's request, only I had pretended to."

Mrs. Langly is an excellent woman," said Mr. Douglass, thoughtfully. "I wish there were more like her."

Yes with your wife reminded her, perhaps, said the lady, somewhat petulantly, withdrawing the hand she had rested upon his arm.

I love my wife very dearly, put on what she will," replied her husband.

"You mistake me. I did not say so, but I think you might have spared me the pain of hearing terms which might be dispensed with, we should then, perhaps, be able to imitate Mrs. Langly in deeds."

Mrs. Douglass bit her lip, and a shade of displeasure passed over her fair face. Her husband had thrown a momentary coldness between herself and her most benevolent friend, although he would not admit it, and few women are there—envious it, ladies—who could have forbidden the pang. "I am sure I am not one of them, at least," she thought.

Are these poor people very much in need?" asked Mr. Douglass, kissing away the frown.

"Oh! no, I dare say Mrs. Langly is not so foolishly philanthropic! Charity is all very proper in its place, but, really, such a sacrifice would be asking rather too much. and Mrs. Douglass turned away with a careless laugh.

Such caresses are the true test of generosity, Emma," said her husband.

Which I do not feel disposed to make," replied the lady somewhat tartly. "A single dollar would probably be considered quite sufficient: both by your paragon, Mrs. Langly, and her poor people, but if you are not inclined to give it, why I presume they are accustomed to such denials."

Mr. Douglass sighed, and the subject was discontinued.

The cold, piercing wind of an evening late in November, was blowing in common curtains from a room in the second story of a handsome house in Chesnut street, where the fire burned brightly, shedding a genial glow over the comfort and luxury of a mirror beside which a dozen lights were blazing, and Mrs. Douglass installed an instant, and then added,—the most exquisite white plume that ever graced a bonnet.

Mr. Douglass looked at his wife with an expression of amazement, as he rose from the table, and gave a long and very significant whistle.

"Hey day! Velvets and feathers!" he exclaimed. "And what handsome price does Mrs Jerold affix to such a handsome head-piece?"

"Five!" said Mrs. Douglass, feeling that the decisive moment had arrived when she must strike boldly—"Why, Charles, she offers me the hat a great bargain. It is the only feather of the kind imported, and made of such superb velvet, the thing would be cheap at forty dollars, and she will let me have it for thirty-five."

"I hope, Emma," said Mr. Douglass gravely, "you have not been so rash as to order a bonnet at that price."

No, I have not exactly ordered it, not the plume at least, but I told Mrs. Jerold to lay it aside till I should call, and the wily milliner." I thought I would make you the first offer, because I knew Miss Willet would take it on the instant. Such a bonnet, and especially such a feather, won't go begging, and I shall charge any one but yourself, Mrs. Douglass, at least forty dollars."

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side of his with, with an arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

"And the interest," continued Dora, approaching Sir William—"is the innocent Solon alone to suffer?"

He did not answer for a moment; there was a struggle still going on in his heart, but presently he appreciated Mr. Fowler, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Let all our faults be buried together, and let our union defy the malice of the Household of Savoy."

A warm and cordial grasp was the best reply.

"And Selina," murmured Mrs. Fowler; "can we still keep this tragic story from her?"

"I fear not," replied her husband, with a sigh.

"It has been a bitter lesson," sobbed Dora.

"May all wives profit by it!" said Mrs. Fowler, looking fondly and pleasingly at her husband: "it is but half a marriage without perfect confidence. Trust the wife who loves you better and better every day, who has but all gladden a one of your enjoyments, who has learned to pour out her own doubly heart before you, trust her, it was the child-ish bride who betrayed you. Trust me—trust me now: the future you must promise!"

And notwithstanding the past, he did so promise.

From her the exaggerated story should reach Selina's ears abruptly, indeed her best friends to break to her the exact truth, but shock to her mind was such, that it delayed her marriage some months. And perhaps to the kindly hearts and really generous natures of the two "evil-doers" the punishment could have been no severer as witnessing the sufferings of a dear friend brought on by their thoughtless words.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFER:

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Graham's Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Forrester," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Arthur's Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Arthur's Pictorial Magazine, or "The Forrester," for 1847—or we will send either copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send an exact copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Forrester," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Arthur's Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NOTICE.

New subscribers, hereafter, who may wish their subscriptions to begin with the first of the year, will please state explicitly that they wish the back numbers sent—as in other cases we shall omit doing so, and begin the year at the date of the receipt of the subscription.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tom Fleam Stop.—The tale shows considerable talent, though the matter is, we think, defective in "story telling" power—for which latter reason we must decline it. We would return it as requested, only we forget the writer's full address.

The Duel.—We think the hardly good enough for publication.

The Sour Mother.—We are doubtful about this story—we will look over it again when we get time.

Ida Proctor's Fate.—We fear the sketch is too local in its incidents, to prove much consolation to readers out of this city, and therefore respectfully decline it.

H. H.—We would like to enjoy our friend H.'s especially after his manufacture of kind feeling towards us, but really we must decline the "Lines to Mary."

The Hour of Mad, is accepted.

The Exotic, by Lee, is certainly one that we wish every month—but experience teaches it would not meet our approval in the columns of the Post.

The Heiress Fix.—This translation has its good points—and yet we think it is hardly good enough for the Post.

A CONTEMPTIBLE TRICK.

The editor of the Saturday Courier, in a complimentary article upon a new Drama by George G. Ingraham, called "The Son of Temperance," takes occasion to quote a favorable notice of the said Drama from the columns of the "Daily Keystone" of this city, to which he professes the following remarks—

"As a further testimony in favor of the excellence of this Drama, and its performance, we copy at the pleasure the following from the pen of Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., the Editor and Proprietor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post."

The evident design of the above paragraph, is to convey the impression to the public, that the Saturday Evening Post is responsible for the article that the Courier has copied from the 'Keystone,' and that the Editor of the Post has at length found words of praise for the author of the "Quaker City." Now it is not necessary to inform Mr. McMakin, for he is aware of it already, that Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., although one of the proprietors, is not the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, and therefore not accountable for the views of thought and have appeared from time to time in its columns, in consideration of Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, G. P. R. James, Lippard, and other immoral writers. As the name of the Editor of the Post has been for the last three months at the head of the editorial columns, the public may judge of the veracity of that man, who openly asserts, to serve his own contemptible ends, that which he can scarcely fail to know is untrue

SINCERITY.

Sincerity is the foundation of truth—fulness. There are very few men but that are truthful to a degree, very few that will utter an open and downright falsehood. But the great mass of mankind will equivocate, will create false impressions to answer particular ends—the great majority, in one word, are insincere.

The Merchant is not sincere—not one in ten will state his honest and entire opinion, even if he pretends to give it to you, of an article that you may be purchasing from him. He will over-praise it, or allow you to remain in ignorance of some defect which he cognizant eye sees, but which you in your ignorance cannot see. Or, if himself the buyer, he will depreciate the quality of the article he wishes to purchase. King Solomon says it was so in his day, every man knows well it is so now.

And what we have said of the merchant, applies equally to the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the farmer. There is a want of sincerity, of an honest, downright speaking of the truth, in all places where man meets man to transact the necessary business of life.

The consequences of this state of things are universal distrust and suspicion. We do not in so many words tell our neighbor that we do not believe his statements, but we show by the in credulous look, or by the polite but equivocal answer, that we do not believe those plausible stories he tells. They may be true, or they may be false—probably a little of both, is the secret conclusion of our mind.

Now, how much better would it be were we at all sincere in our speech—if every man's yea was yea, and his nay, nay. What a saving of words and time, to begin with. There would be no necessity then for talking all around a subject, but we should come directly to the point, and receive either a sincere, truthful answer, or a sincere refusal to answer. Instead of making our purchases with a cautious remembering that where it is necessary to use in dealing with rogues, we should be able to satisfy ourselves on a few moments, both as to the honest price that the seller could really afford to take, and as to the quality of his articles.

Emerson, in one of his essays, observes that a man whose rule of life it was to be always perfectly truthful and sincere. No matter what the character of the question addressed to him, the sober might always be certain of obtaining a correct answer. His neighbors, at first, thought he was a little crazy, and yet all manner of queries to him, for the sake of hearing his real opinions both of themselves and others. They laughed, at first, too; but they soon found it was no laughing matter—for the sayings of the very sincere, disturbed. "What do you think of my bible-class in that affair with Jones, Mr. A——?" "Why, sir, I think you are a fool." Such an answer might be laughed at once for its silliness—but when so manifest that sincerity should not be old—that it was the best policy in this way, would naturally soon deepen into the most other sincerity. And therefore, we say to our 3,000 miles, saving double freights, double insurance and charges, the transportation is also saved on the barrel, all, and better, the weight of the water of 1,500 lbs. at least one-half that of the meat; the article is at market in November and December, instead of April or May, whether it is intended for home consumption in the Atlantic ports, to which the largest portion of the pork is shipped from New Orleans, or to foreign markets.

To show what New Orleans would have, it makes the following statement

We received last season in New Orleans, 47,303 hogsheads, 269,851 barrels, and 10,223,422 pounds in bulk of pork; and 107,819 barrels, and 252,801 kegs of lard; and the loss of even one-half of this item at pork in the trade of the city, would be no trifling matter.

The Central Railroad is also described as "a monster-stroke of policy," giving Philadelphia a direct line to the cotton of the West; as she will have, when it is completed, both a canal and railroad to Pittsburgh, which have always been found mutually advantageous.

All this is very true, undoubtedly true, but we do not think our readers will look upon it with any very alarmed notwithstanding. New Orleans, as the natural depot of the greatest river but one in the world, and, indeed better, the only river in the world that runs, to preserve her fair share of the trade of the Mississippi valley.

HAVERFORD REVISITED.

We have not seen lately anything in the book way that has given us more pleasure, than a little work that has grown out of the "Haverford" of the count of a day spent at Haverford School, near this city, by a number of its former pupils. Haverford School, we believe, is a Friends' school, and was founded, we believe, by a number of members of that society—Joseph Foulke (Orthodox), for the purpose of establishing in their young men an opportunity of entering upon a higher course of studies than every week, whether attached to common schools, without expecting them to the temptations of the world, or to glade life. To what extent the plan has succeeded we are not fully informed, though we have reason to believe that the school is not now in operation—the probability is, however, that the sectarian nature of the institution has proved fatal to its progress.

But we are wandering from our subject, which is not so much Haverford, as Haverford revisited—an account of a revisit to the "old grounds," by a party of those who, nine years ago, were fellow pupils and classmates. It was a happy thought, and happily carried out by the gentleman who was the invitation—it reads as if written by some one in whom the burden of manhood has not weighed down a hair's breadth, the light, elastic spirit of his youth—

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Nobody was sorry at all, and well for us it was not, as else we might have remained in contented ignorance of the whole occasion, and not been able to call the imagination into the delights of that glorious game of foot-ball, and that social, brotherly gathering around the old well-loaded table—to, in imagination, have joined in the toasts, the sentiments, nourishment was provided for the mind, and the joyful occasion was wound up (not being allowed to run down at all) by an impromptu concert and the company. Isaac S. Boxall, a talented young lawyer of this city of which it is perhaps, sufficient praise to say that it was well worthy the occasion that called it forth.

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"I care not whether you left this spot with joy or in sorrow—hated it while here or loved it, you cannot conceal the undeniable interest you feel in every thing around you; the irresistible power with which the Genius of the Past crowds upon you, and feeling crowd upon you. Whence do they come, and what are they? Ah, no, it is not the past that I seem drawn into another existence by some mysterious, magical influence. Everything is the same as it was in almost every thing. Yet, there is unknown to me, and to you, a something that is not present. I will say, that the things as they were, and find them still the same.

"It is strange to muse over the first windings of a summer's stream light current laughing and dancing in sunlight and shade and think that in years to come, it may swell into a mighty river, and sweep, in its course, the pastures, the mansions, the cities, and the fleets of the nations of the earth. Or to watch with reverence and beauty, or leaving it a dreary waste. We would certainly be thankful to progress and development here, by the periodical appearance of strongly associated with it, and wonder how it could have been otherwise than the many circumstances called influences around and within it. We curiously ask, what has become of this primitive forest or that special fruit whose ground gave back, here and there, the very spot to which we go for our nuts in autumn, the very spot in our course, where they lie like very rich flowers, without seed, or, like the very feeling of that kind, in its original fresh-ness, which we have not felt since we left our early home, or, as it still eludes our grasp. As we go through the land of our youth, and yield to the many sorrowful spectre—the shade of our former self seems at our side. It leads us to the old library, and reads again with us, the very books that we have read, or, that the Tasso in the only Beautiful, long ago. It beckons us to the door of one of the rooms, and on enter, and we hear the long-drawn breathing of our own and those of our schoolmates all around us in the silent wood, and we gaze together on the moonlight, and feel that the world is before us, and as its airy sigh echoes our own, we turn to clasp the hand of the friend by our side.

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"And how, when we know how and the rose in after wealth, in the great world; how its unbounded influence sways the passions and the principles of men, and too often 'alike and films' many an ideal of social purity and truth, and how the fascination of the silver is overcast by that the music of the spheres, we look with fond regret upon the days that then, and with trust admiration, upon a life like his, that, in the midst of the world, and in the most abstract science—who read the stars, not with the eye of the cadaverous astronomer, but minded ever he called—that, in the midst of the world, and in this way, would naturally soon deepen into the most other sincerity. And therefore, we say to our 3,000 miles, saving double freights, double insurance and charges, the transportation is also saved on the barrel, all, and better, the weight of the water of 1,500 lbs. at least one-half that of the meat; the article is at market in November and December, instead of April or May, whether it is intended for home consumption in the Atlantic ports, to which the largest portion of the pork is shipped from New Orleans, or to foreign markets.

To show what New Orleans would have, it makes the following statement

We received last season in New Orleans, 47,303 hogsheads, 269,851 barrels, and 10,223,422 pounds in bulk of pork; and 107,819 barrels, and 252,801 kegs of lard; and the loss of even one-half of this item at pork in the trade of the city, would be no trifling matter.

The Central Railroad is also described as "a monster-stroke of policy," giving Philadelphia a direct line to the cotton of the West; as she will have, when it is completed, both a canal and railroad to Pittsburgh, which have always been found mutually advantageous.

All this is very true, undoubtedly true, but we do not think our readers will look upon it with any very alarmed notwithstanding. New Orleans, as the natural depot of the greatest river but one in the world, and, indeed better, the only river in the world that runs, to preserve her fair share of the trade of the Mississippi valley.

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HORRIBLE STATEMENT.

Who would have believed that in the nineteenth century, in the United States of America, an instrument could be twisted in the brutal and horrible manner disclosed in the following statement taken from the memorial of Miss Dix to the Legislature of Illinois!

"Cleek things by,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder!"

"There is in all this State [Lexington county, a man who has been formerly mad, for most of the time, many years. His name is Family.

"It was an intensely hot day last summer, when I visited Fanning. He was confined in a reeled cell, which contained an area of about eight feet by eight.

"The interstices between the unhewn logs, freely admitted the searching rays of the sun then, as they had all the winter, when the cold, driving rain, driving snow, and the pinching frost. He was with-in the wet, cold, wintry night, and, in the hot, oppressive heat, was exposed for this purpose the help of the keeper was requisite. When the door was called, and they go in and tie him strongly with cords, lay him on the ground, and then they clean the place and him, by throwing on fresh bundles of water.

"Whether ice fire is here introduced in the cold winter weather but a singular expedient has been resorted to, I did not learn. He simply has been put in excavated a pit about six feet deep, and six on either side. This dreary, pitiful, it was told then, when the pen was opened

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin Territory, and for *James R. Reade, T. Cleveland, Reade, C. Wilson, and Wm. Wilson, of Cincinnati, and Publishers of Hunter.*

JOHN MANN, Cassville, East and West Virginia. It. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Mr. C. Stevenson*, 1809. P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Mr. C. Stevenson*, 1809. for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western States and Florida, assisted by *James R. Wright, Thomas Reade, Wm. Wilson, H. Wild, John B. Wall, S. E. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent in New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

Dr. THOMAS FISHER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and and receipts for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

TREMENDOUS GALE.

The gale of Wednesday week, in this city, went it "with a rush"—chimneys were blown down, and houses unroofed, with a perfect looseness." It was really a very "stiff" gale, and made things in general seem rather limber. And we perceive by our exchange, that it did not waste all its fury in this vicinity either, but extended from Richmond, Virginia, to Boston, and many intermediate place did much damage to buildings, &c.

THE PRIZE PIANO.

The possession of this famous instrument is to be made the subject of a law-suit. As the Judges were not unanimous in their selection of a committee, a question arose as to whether a majority of them had the right to control the proceedings. It is probable, therefore, that whoever gets the prize will have to pay its full value for it, if not to the maker, to the lawyers, who is glory!

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

"The Battle of Life" has been dramatised by a gentleman of that city, and brought out by Mr. Peale, at his Museum. We have not yet seen that the book—the moral of the story does not seem as theatrical and entertained, when contrasted with the unusual exaggeration of all theatrical performances.

CAPTURE OF PRIZES.—On Saturday week an interesting fall might be seen in the upper part of Chestnut reading in Arch street, was amusing himself exploding percussion caps by striking them with a hammer, when a gentleman passed by armed with great force the pupil of his left eye, and although two of our most eminent Surgeons were in immediate attendance and removed the wound, by the night was lost after the child had endured a most painful operation.

DESERTER ARRESTED.—Officer Wm. Young and Rutter, of the Mounted Light, arrested Otto Arndt, charged with desertion from Captain Small's Company of Mounted Guards. He was committed, to be placed in custody of the officer of the company. Arndt, it is said, quitted the corps at New Orleans.

BROWN CO.—During the storm of Wednesday afternoon, the roof of the University of Geneva College was completely unroofed.

BRAND OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 217—57 adults and 160 children.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate, on the 7th inst., Hon. Pierre Soule, elected by the unexpired term at the Hon. Alexander Barrow, deceased, took his seat.

The report of the Committee on Printing against printing the memorial of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Meeting of Friends, in reference to the war, was adopted, yeas 33, nays 8.

The resolution of thanks to General Taylor and his army, for their gallantry in storming Monterey, offered some days ago, by Mr. Clayton, came up for its action, and was read a second time.

On motion of Mr. Clayton, the resolution was laid on the table, and the resolution from the House on the same subject was taken up.

Mr. Speight moved to strike out the portion that ratifies the articles of capitulation, and the convention at Monterey.

He was not the man to refuse to vote thanks in connexion with the other. He considered this portion as a direct censure upon Gen. Worth, and Col. Jos. Taylor, who sanctioned the capitulation, but upon those gallant officers, and among them his own personal friend (Col. Davis), who had fought their way to that city, who make the terms. He could never consent to vote for such a measure.

Mr. Atchison moved to lay the resolution on the table. Lost, 22 to 24.

After considerable discussion, during which Mr. Bagby said "he had not heard of the capitulation of foreign women and children, it was no concern of his how they got out of the city"—the question was taken upon the motion of Mr. Speight.

The motion was carried, 24 to 22.

The whole resolution, then, on motion of Mr. Calhoun, was struck out, and a resolution of thanks, similar to the one passed at the last session of Congress, relative to the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, substituted in the room of that stricken out, and adopted.

On the 8th inst., a bill was reported from the Committee on Claims to provide for the payment of Messrs. Gwynn, Hunt and Wharton, for arms and supplies furnished to the late Republic of Texas.

The Committee on Military Affairs made a report that the only issue on its amendments to the Two Regiment bill, and the Ten Regiment bill, before the Committee at Cincinnati was confined to the Ten Regiment bill, and that Messrs. Benton and Case addressed the Senate at length in reference to the Mexican war.

On the 9th, Mr. Dix presented the preamble and resolutions of the Legislature of the State of New York, with respect to the existing war with Mexico, and in opposition to the principle that there are any territorially acquired provisions.

Mr. Bagby offered a preamble declaring that the said resolutions transmitted from the Legislature of New York were in contravention of the principles of the constitution of the United States, and of those the States whereby slavery already exists.

The Three Million bill was taken up for the acquisition of peace with Mexico, was taken up.

The House Revenue bill was then taken up in favor of the progressive generation of the war.

Mr. Case demanded that he should be now against his own amendment, likewise against that of Mr. Bayard, as it would be a precedent of a dangerous character.

On the 9th, the Three Million bill was again taken up. Mr. Morehead spoke against the bill, as setting a most dangerous precedent. When he concluded Mr. Allen addressed the Senate in favor of the bill, and the bill was passed over informally.

The Committee on Military Affairs made a report that the only issue on its amendments to the Ten Regiment bill added at Cincinnati was confined to the Committee at Cincinnati was confined.

The House Bill to amend the act of 1846 between Boston and Lake addressed the Senate at length in reference to the Mexican war.

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The Three Million bill for the speedy

Selected Poetry.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

Tell me of olden days,
The grand and shadowy past,
Sing me those ancient lays
That make my heart beat fast!
The present woos a flower,
Too red, too stare, too cold;
The future but an empty dream—
Oh speak of days of old!

I love those legends, gray
With venerable dust,
They have a power to sway
My mood to smiles and tears;
They sweep my spirit's strings,
As winds a lyre might sweep,
And wokken bright impressings
From their oblivious sleep.

Those thus the ancient page
Of naughty word and deed,
When statesmen pore and sage,
Thought only heave's accord—
When love of home and hearth
We sacred held as bread—
When virtue gave to glory birth,
And triumphed over dread.

Oh! ing of sweetly days,
When woman's gentle hand
Decreed her love's happy,
And clasped his clinging brand—
When rose the hecatombs
Of land and treasure—
Oh there are stirring memories
That thus cause swift essence.

And if too much I live
In that long vanished time,
Then cause at least forgive
An error but sublime;
For then like me hast learned
That, in the past alone,
Reality may be discerned,
The perfect truth be known.

Amusing Sketch.

THE BEGGAR THAT Wouldn't Work.

FROM DOUGLAS JERROLD'S MAGAZINE.

In these days, when thinkers on social organization and multitudinous philanthropists are striving to the utmost of their ability (or inclination) to ameliorate the condition of the people, it is interesting to meet with a person, who not only denies the necessity for such ameliorations, but backs upon all who attempt it as fools, or something worse. A man like this I encountered some short time since, who struck me as a very good specimen of the sceptical do-nothing class.

I was on board the "Orwell," Ipswich steamvessel, intending to be landed at that nice little Essex watering-place, Walton-on-the Naze. I had hired a lately published book with me, to serve as a resource in case the voyage seemed tedious, but happening the evening ladies in dip into the commencement of it, I was so much interested that I resolved to resume it on board the steamer pretty early in the day's travelling. Accordingly, when breakfast was over, and we had half Gravesend and some distance behind us, I descended into the saloon, and seating myself in a very satisfactory nest, sofa, prepared to enjoy the good things which the author had provided for me. An elderly stout gentleman was sitting at a table close to me, with a newspaper in his hand, which he was perusing with a very uncomfortable and contemptuous expression of countenance. I had not read a dozen words of my book, when he tossed down the newspaper, exclaiming loudly, "Stuff!—Gammon!—Infernal nonsense and humbug!"

I looked up in some surprise at this outbreak, not knowing exactly whether I was to consider it as addressed to myself, or as a soliloquy. The stout gentleman continued—

"Ah, sir!—all humbug, and nothing else. Isn't it too bad, when I buy a copy of the 'Times'—the 'Times'—mind me, and not one of your two-penny-half penny papers—isn't it too bad, I say, when I take a paper like that, expecting to find something rational and entertaining in it, to assume me in this confounded bog, stupid language, in lieu—why haven't it too bad, I say again, to find it filled with debates in Parliament about the 'condition of the people,' and letters from correspondents about the 'condition of the people,' and leading articles about the 'condition of the people'? Curse the 'condition of the people!' It's enough to make a man sick, to be fooled with such cant!"

"You are not interested then, sir, in the 'condition of England question,' as Carlyle calls it?" cried I.

"Sir," said he, "I am interested in what concerns myself, and myself only, and I leave other people to take care of their own affairs—that's my way, sir. After such a celestial, atheistical scoundrel as Catiline, sir, I don't care a button what he says. I saw the fellow hanging out of his window in Fleet Street once, and I'd have given a trifle to have seen him hung, self hanged on a scaffold in the Old Bailey."

"I do not mean Richard Catiline, sir," said I, smiling, in spite of decency, at this ridiculous mistake.

"I mean Thomas Carlyle, author of 'The French Revolution,' 'Past and Present,' and other excellent works."

"Sir," said he, "I know nothing of him or them, and what's more, I don't care to know. If he writes humbug about 'social amelioration,' and 'elevation of the masses,' and such like stuff—as by your account I suppose he does—carrying on your ignorant people to be discontented with their own lot and the lot of those they've around them; and, then, I say, he's no writer for me. Steward, a glass of brandy and water!"

I was so much amused by this sturdy advocate for "things as they are," that I determined to pursue the conversation, instead of reading my book or going upon deck; one or the other of which I thought I have done, had he been less violent and absurd.

"But rarely, sir," said I, "some improvement is desirable and possible."

"All possible improvement will take place in due course, sir," said he, "and that without you or I troubling our heads about it. They talk of 'the people' Sir, I know the people, and I know there is not one discontented poor man in fifty whose distress I am not driven from his own fault. Drunkenness, sir, drunkenness is the bane of the English workman—————Steward, are you going to bring me that glass of brandy and water to-day or not?"

"Then you deny general distress?" said I.

"Any greater distress than is usual and inherent in every properly-constituted society I do deny," said he. "Sir, there is a case of philanthropy now, as there have been other cases, but this morbid nonsense will pass away in time. I will relate an incident that occurred to myself, not three months ago, as incident that confirmed me more in my belief of the folly of your 'social cant.' my fellow-country citizens rushed have done.

I shall be very happy to hear it," said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "you must know that I reside in a snug villa of my own, not far from Ipswich. Providence has blessed me with a sufficiency, which I inherit from my father, who was one of the most celebrated merchants, sir, in the city of London. I gave my own capital—an ample one—at a loan in my hot-house for grapes, melons, and such like; and have always a bottle of good port in my cellar. So, sir, I live comfortably, owing nothing, and envying no man.

"Well, about three months ago, as I said, I was strolling about my little farm, when I came to a gate, when, as I happened to lean over the railings, close to the high road, a dirty, ragged sort of fellow, who was crawling by, stopped short, looked at me, and began to beg. There was something in the fellow's appearance I didn't like at all. He had a beard of a week's growth, unwashed, unbrushed, and, without a decent article of clothing upon him. Well, he began begging, as I said, and I told him to go and get work, and not lead that disreputable kind of life.

"Work!" said he, "ah, I was my body would gone me weak.

"Do you mean to say you would work if you couldn't?" said I.

"Ah, master, try me, said the fellow.

"Well, a thought came into my head that I would just satisfy myself whether he really would an industrious lazy, or naturally vagabond, who chose rather to beg than to earn his own livelihood.

"Very well, fellow," said I, "I'll try you. Here, you step this way."

"Well, I took him into a large gravel yard on one side of the house where I keep fowls.

"Now," said I, take a spade and dig a hole on the far side of this yard. The hole must be two feet long, four feet broad, and three feet deep. Those all the earth when you have dug the hole, on the right side of the yard. You shall have a shilling and your dinner for doing this.'

"I gave him this job because I had read about their serving paupers so in the poor-houses, and I thought it was a good plan to try him.

"Well, the fellow looked very much amazed. He got the spade, pulled off his miserable coat and waistcoat in a twinkling, and set to work. I went into the house, and towards the evening, as I was sitting with a friend or two over our wine after dinner, it was told that he had finished his work. I went out to see indeed it had, and, sure enough, the hole was dug just as I had directed, and the earth was all piled carefully up on the right side of the yard.

"Here's the shilling," said I; "and now go into the scullery and get some bread and cheese and beer. Come in morrow morning at ten o'clock, I shall have some more work for you."

"Well, he was very thankful, and went morning at ten o'clock punctually. He mentioned, I hardly know the fellow, for he had got shaved; he had most certainly washed, and somehow his clothes did not look quite so bad as they had looked the day before.

"I took him into the yard where he had dug the hole

"There," said I, "take a spade and fill up that hole with the earth you see piled up on one side. Throw gravel nearly on the top, and roll it hard with that garden-roller.

"I had no sooner said this than I saw the fellow began to look sulky. He muttered something about digging a hole and filling it up again,' and seemed in no hurry to begin.

"'What' said I, 'do you grumble at working for an honest livelihood? Do you refuse to do what I order you?'

"I didn't refuse, he muttered, in a surly sort of voice.

"'Then begin at once,' said I, 'and when you have done, come in, and you have a shilling and your dinner, as you had yesterday.

"Well, he didn't seem very willing, but in the course of the day he finished the job—took his shilling and dinner—and when he went away I told him to be with me again at ten the next morning, as I had more work for him.

"I didn't much expect him, I must say, but at ten or a little after, next morning, sure enough he came.

"I took him into the yard again.

"Now I'll tell you what I want done, said I, 'you're getting used to it now, so it will come easy. Just dig a hole on the left side of the yard there. Let the hole be twice as long, two feet broad, and two feet deep. Pile the earth up nicely on the right side of the yard. When the job is finished you shall have a shilling and your dinner as usual.

"Sir, I wish you could have seen the face of the rascal when I said this. I thought he was going to break me down.

"'I won't do it, says he, 'I'll starve first'

"'You won't do it?' I said.

"No, I won't!' said he, in a voice you might have heard a mile off, 'I won't, and so I tell you! Do you think a poor man 'ant no sense of what's right and proper? You've made a fool of one once, but you won't twice.'

"Ah! said I, 'so I had you're just what I thought you were, a lazy ragabond, who prefers begging to working. I've tried you and know you. Get out of my house, or I'll have you taken up for a vagrant.'

"Well, he was going to be impudent I believe, but I set my large mastiff at him, and 'gad, he was very glad to be off. Ever since that time, whenever I see or read of paupers and people in distress, and so on—I say to myself, would they work for a shilling and their dinner? If not, I'm very well for silly women to talk about 'castration and the suffering of the poor,' but men of the world know its humbug—humbug, sir, and nothing else!"

Here the elderly gentleman—who seemed to have calmed himself into a great heat—stopped up, and thrusting the newspaper into his pocket, left the saloon in much haste for the deck. I laughed a little, and resumed the perusal of my book.

For the Gentlemen.

A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

A painter (in the days of fable) once exhibited to the public a splendid picture in which Hercules was represented conquering the Nemean lion, who lay prostrate and bleeding at his feet. After examining it studiously for some time, the king of beasts exclaimed haughtily—"This is all very well, but if lions were painters, we should see the other side of the picture."

Now there is an evil under the sun, of which in his catalogue of ills, the wisest of men has taken no note, and which, as far as our profane memory has not been exhibited to public view, as fully as so frequently as its importance demands. Indeed, the world might almost be deemed ignorant of its existence, for while hints, lectures, essays and illustrations innumerable have been published for the benefit of women, young and maiden, wives and mothers, scarcely a word or counsel, of warning or of comfort, is whispered in the ear of man by the philanthropists who seek to improve and adjust the social machine. And yet the evil of which we speak is one that justly claims the observation of one who has mingled much society, even to a limited extent. It exists in the form of a habit so prevalent as to be the common rule which crushes down all opposition, and reigns "monarch of all" it surveys," in the cheerless home thou ghtless

It is this last phrase of despotism, as exhibited in the character of the domestic Autocrat, whose love of power has destroyed every tender feeling of the heart, that we are about to consider. A short time since, perhaps, he was the obsequious and devoted lover, who hung upon the lips of his fair one, listened and opinion, to the caprices of the fair one who has now become his wedded wife. But a change has come over the spirit of his dream. Invested with the matrimonial prerogative, he is no longer the adoring, flattering suitor; he longer the devoted lover, but the husband, the master, the absolute monarch, the sun in the sacred bond formed at the altar, only the satellite. It is demand from one trembling subject, unlimited, and unquestioned submission. The system, his injunctions—Worse, he is obedience to your husband's," is his motto and his watchword, and was every precept of the Divine Lawgiver.

Should the wife of his human creature to offer advice, however delicately, or to express an opinion upon any subject, he regards her only as a useful article of furniture, more valuable than a table or a sofa, only because she can better understand his will, and enforce his purposes.

The man we are describing is not a gambler, a drunkard, or a libertine—perhaps not even a man of the world. He is often a professing follower of the meek and lowly Redeemer, too often one who makes a boast of his religion. But he is kind and affable to those not under his immediate control, observing the abolitions of his self-will and selfishness to be the characteristics of those who are dependent on him for their earthly happiness. The wife that does him but not one sole confidant—her Father in Heaven, and but one object of religious worship—to do his must toil and suffer on in silence with the arrow in her heart, for her load is one which none can help her to bear, and which she is too conscientious and protector in the instrument of crushing her to the earth.

We have known cases in which this tyranny was exercised by men in other respects truly rationable, but who, from a disposition naturally imperious, had been accustomed to command, and the wife accustomed to obey, and he, at least never dreams that "there is a more excellent way." But though he may enjoy the sweets of undisputed authority, there are bitter stings in domestic life of which he is utterly ignorant. The "cedar" which "reigns o'er all," is that of the calm which the tempest has done its work of death—It is the silence of crushed hearts and blasted expectations. The delights of mutual love and confidence—the consciousness of making a beloved object happy—the luxury of laying the heart out to contribute to the comfort of those dependent on him—and all existence to his domestic circle—he may have an affection for his wife and children, but it is rather because they belong to him, and are the appendages of his being, than for any esteem existing out of himself.

Setting aside entirely the question of the equality of the sexes—which is unquestionably, and by distinction for one human being than to treat another with whom he is connected by the strongest of all earthly ties. He forms his opinions hastily and intellectually, man's interior, then rarely her deportence should appeal to every noble feeling of the heart in vain. But if her intellectual powers be an official one, the mere inferiority of station, then if it evidently the height of arrogance and presumption for him to whom her social rights are in no certain sense, delegated, to assume the exercise of despotic authority. He who has enjoyed obedience upon the wife in his sacred vows, has likewise promanded the husband to love her, even as Christ loves the church. In this injunction, couched in the strongest language even inspiration could employ, a foundation is laid for domestic happiness, so broad and deep, that no storms of affection could destroy it. And the husband loves his wife as Christ has loved the Church, with an affection so tender, so forbearing, so disinterested, self-sacrificing and enduring, and the obedience—the service of the pupil, would be divested of all its sting. To hearts joined together by a tie so strong, a union so perfect and entire, it would not be necessary to appeal to the law of duty, clothed as it often is, too, in a stern and repulsive form. The Christian has long since learned in reference to this subject, to the Saviour who bought him with His blood—that,

"The love that makes his 'cheerful fee'
Is all the obedience unto me."

and in the relation of marriage, so often chosen by the Great Teacher as a type and emblem of spiritual union between believers and their Head, the first principle must be applicable.

We would show husbands who are on the high road to ruin by the little words, "you must," and "I will," so frequently and positively, could for once be induced to pause and reflect, the opposite course. The feeling victims who now writhe under a yoke of oppression more galling to a delicate and sensitive mind than the tyrant's iron sceptre—who fear, yet dared, that it is far easier to obey from affection than from fear, and that a silken chord is a more effective tie than links of iron.

The sun and the wind once contended which should compel the traveller to lay aside his cloak. Storms raged and blustered, but the more fiercely the traveller wrap his cloak more closely about him; while the benignant Sol, pouring his warm rays silently upon him, soon induced him to throw off the cloak as a useless incumbrance. This is not the only case in which gentleness avails to accomplish that which brute force has essayed in vain.

Selected Articles.

PLUCKING A GOOSE.

A law suit recently occurred in New Orleans to recover $1,600 of Cornelius Paulding for medical services rendered to one of his fingers. The whole amount paid to various doctors for services to said finger was three thousand seven hundred and seventeen dollars. The plaintiff was Dr. Hyde. The jury awarded him six hundred and fifty seven dollars. Col. Preston was counsel for the defendant, and in his speech declared that the charge of the plaintiff was highly disgraceful, and compared to a negro nurse could have performed as well as he. He had a report of the speech of the counsel in the Delta, and make the following extract from it

"There were three other doctors attending him of the case—Dr. Unfortunate man, he had put his finger into it! He had called in physicians and amputations, and the skill of his profession, but all with these exception of his finger. He could never have survived the operation, and the large estate of Cornelius Paulding would have submitted to extortions which the life of a single wound be the last man in the world to submit to.

"But at this point, a happy thought struck the defendant. He turned out his three physicians and poulticer, and called in Dr. Snow. That sensible gentleman, for while he saw the diseased finger challenged up with the plaudits of the crowd, in a gruff way, said—Take off those nasty rags, and throw them away, and let the thing alone; in the words of Macbeth he exclaimed 'throw physic to the dogs' which being done, the finger got well of itself as it would have months before, but for three physicians and one poulticer. The charge for the plaintiff had alluded to the wealth of Dr. Snow. Was that a reason why his finger should be poulticed at the reasonable rate of thirty dollars per day?

NICE DISTINCTION.

The venerable Dr. K., President of the ——— University, whose instructions we enjoyed, some years since was remarkable for the appositeness of his illustrations, and the eminently practical turn of his teachings. Said he, one day, to a member of the class:

In determining whether a statement is essentially a falsehood, it is necessary to take into account the motive which prompts it.

The reply was promptly given, and in the negative.

"I recollect," continued the doctor, "accompanying a clergyman, some years ago, into the field, whether he was repairing for the purpose of catching a horse, or for some other purpose, I do not recollect. The gentleman extended his hand, as though it contained something in the way of salt or corn, and rubbed one hand within the other, as if to imitate the act of rubbing the salt, or shelling the corn. The poor horse, thoroughly deceived, came rapidly up, the gentleman slipped over his head the halter, and secured him. I thought—and the Doctor, what different sorts there could be between telling a falsehood to a horse or a human being?' I mentioned the fact to him after, I was summoned to a council convened relative to this same individual. He was charged with not having been duly licensed to preach. The council sat and the first, which I had myself witnessed, consisted in the simple fact, that the recipient was perfectly Sanctioned in the exercise of his office. Mr. Augustus XI, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the fingers of a child into sausages.

Fish have a prodigious power of muscle—the velocity with which a whale moves through a dense and populous ocean is astonishing. The eagle soars at the same rate, round the world in little less than a fortnight.

For the Ladies.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The London correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:—"If I have any lady readers, they will probably have heard of the Duchess of Sutherland, the wife of Lord Morpeth, and a woman celebrated for her wealth, her beauty and her extravagance. I was told the other day by a Scotch lady, a descendant of the Duke of Argyle, who resides in county Carlow herself, that the fine duchess, of course, had her own private carriage, and spent the days into the country at her own private carriage, and spent the days into the country at her own private carriage, and spent the days into the country at